



72 hours

[time](#)

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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I tried the window, but it was stuck, and there was nothing to break it with.

I sighed, and put my hands on the small table in the corner of the room.

Michael bangs at the door, yelling . He finishes by giving up, and leans against the door, sliding to the tile flooring "well, there goes Chris's party". I roll my eyes "how can you be thinking about a *stupid* party when we're gonna be stuck in here for three days with no food or water, which obviously means we're gonna starve or dehydrate?". I think I said things too quickly, because he squints and has one of those 'what the heck?' faces. "We're-gonna-die" I repeat slowly, pausing in between each word.

He finally seems to understand "well at least I'm not alone" he mutters. I look away, my face suddenly blushing. Stuck here for three days, alone, with him. "Trisha, right?" he asks, looking up towards me. I nod, and turn around so that I'm facing the wall. "What?" he asks, and stands up. I shake my head "nothing, nothing. Just thinking". He comes up to me, and sticks his head in between me and the wall "you're red like a tomato, Trish. I can call you Trish, right?". I turn around, again "yeah, sure". I sit down, legs crossed. He sits down beside me "well, might as well be friends. We're gonna be stuck in here for 72 hours". I lay my head in my hands "if we even

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